

REQUISITE FOR BEAUTY

FINE COMPLEXION A THING THAT IS INDISPENSABLE.

Too Much Care Cannot Be Given to This Important Matter—Especially in Cold Weather Is the Need Great.

The complexion should have the best of care at all times, but especially in this necessary during the days of the late fall and when the winds of winter begin to blow.

The change from the warm summer days when the pores are open and the skin relaxed to the raw weather that shrivels up the skin and causes a drawn feeling over the entire surface of the body, is very trying, and is often followed by a condition that requires prompt treatment.

Feeding the skin is the first step, and this must be faithfully carried out. The action of the wind, particularly when it is driven against the face by the rapid motion of an automobile, tends to dry out the natural oil and leave the skin dry and harsh. Then, too, the muscles of the face become stiff and tense and these must be made to relax and grow pliable and elastic.

To accomplish these two requirements nothing is necessary but a good cleansing cream as first aid followed by a facial bath in very warm water and ending with the use of a nourishing cream which must be carefully massaged into the pores. The cleansing cream must be used always upon coming indoors before any water is allowed to touch the face. The nourishing cream may be applied generously and it should be used as a foundation for the protecting powder before exposing the face to the wind and weather.

Among the many directions that can be given for the prevention of harm to the complexion, none is more important than the careful drying of the skin after using water, and the still more careful rinsing after soap has been used. These two rules admit of no deviation.

Never under any circumstances expose your face or hands to the cold after bathing them without thoroughly drying the skin. This does not necessitate the use of rough towels or any unnecessary friction. Gently patting the skin with a soft absorbent towel is much better than severe rubbing and to make sure the skin is free from moisture a tiny bit of cream rubbed into the pores, immediately after the drying process, is excellent and is a good preventive of a chapped surface. The careless habit of biting the lips must be avoided if they are to be kept smooth and nice.

All that has been said about the care of the face applies equally well to the hands. In fact greater care must be given them, as the hands are in water so frequently. Plenty of cleansing cream rubbed into the hands before washing them, the use of a soothing lotion immediately after drying them, and the very liberal application of a massage cream will prevent the chapping which often occurs when the cold begins to grow penetrating. Little time is required for this daily care and much trouble can be avoided by observing these small details.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Miss Elise J. K.: Even though you are not handsome and magnetic, you can still be a very attractive girl. Keep yourself always well groomed, clean and dressed in good taste. Be cheerful and agreeable. Dress your hair becomingly without attempting any of the extreme styles which usually make the prettiest face unattractive. Keep your complexion clear, your eyes bright and your mind free from morbid notions, and you will find that you are quite as much sought after as your friends who you think have such an advantage over you, as far as "good looks" are concerned.

Friend: If you use powder every day—either dry or liquid powder—you will find it absolutely necessary to give your face a thorough cleansing at night, else the pores will become clogged and the skin will grow muddy looking. Use cleansing cream first, followed by a facial bath in warm water and mild soap. Rinse in clear warm water and finish with a dash of cold water. If the skin is inclined to be dry, a little of the cream should be rubbed on afterwards. If there is a tendency to the formation of wrinkles, a nourishing cream is necessary, and if there are deep lines, wrinkle plasters are very helpful in smoothing them out.

Inquirer: You would have better success with your curling fluid if you left out the glycerin entirely. Otherwise the formula is all right, and it should make a very good mixture for your purpose. There is nothing in it which could cause the least harm to the hair and you can use it every day without fearing any ill results.

Mrs. William N.: From what you tell me in your letter, you need feel no alarm about the condition of your hair. It does not fall out any more than is normal, and since it does not seem to be growing any thinner, it is probable just the dead hair which is dropping out and new hair is growing in all the time.

Madame Helle will reply to questions through the columns of this paper. Letters requiring personal answers must contain addressed and stamped envelope.

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Social Forms and Entertainments



Regarding a Shower.

So often I read your pleasing articles in the paper that I take it upon myself to write you for a little help.

I am going to give a miscellaneous shower for a bride and wish you to suggest some thing for decorations, also for prizes, and how many are necessary.

Please tell me how to arrange the shower for a bride and wish you to suggest some thing for decorations, also for prizes, and how many are necessary.

A "shower" is given by the hostess asking the guests to come to her house on the day and date decided and each to bring some thing for a "Miscellaneous Downpour." The articles to be wrapped and bear the name of donor, with an appropriate sentiment or good wish for the honored guest. There are no special decorations besides flowers, as you may happen to have them. Light refreshments are served, consisting of whatever beverage you like with a frozen something or a salad and sandwiches. I never heard of prizes unless cards are to be the amusement, and your contribution may be whatever you wish. So much depends upon whether the bride is to keep house or board.

Regarding your dress as matron of honor: You do not say whether the ceremony is to be in the day or evening, in church or at home or what color you or the bride prefers. You can make no mistake by selecting white.

Engagement Announcement.

Will you please give a novel way to announce my engagement at an October dinner party? Please suggest decorations and kind of favors and place cards. If it isn't asking too much of you, will you suggest the menu.—Forget-Me-Not.

To help tell the news the centerpiece may be of bride roses, the place cards heart-shaped and the favors slippers which will hold heart bonbons. Serve canapés first, then soup, fish and an entrée, followed by chicken, peas and sweet potato croquettes. Hot rolls or the bread in napkin with soup course will be sufficient. A fruit or tomato salad and individual ices decorated with Cupids, hearts and bell-shaped cakes with coffee "en demi tasse" will complete an acceptable menu. If you like, the monogram of the happy pair may be done on the ices, which may be heart shaped. This will tell the story.

Questions from a Near Bride.

Who pays for the bride's bouquet? I have been to my fiancé's mother's and sister's house to entertainment once only—would it be proper to ask them to come to see my trousseau? As our families have never visited, whose place is it to call first—my mother or his mother?—Unsophisticated.

It is the bridegroom's privilege and pleasure to pay for the flowers carried by the bride and her maids (if she have any). By all means ask the family of the bridegroom to see your trousseau; serve a cup of tea or a glass of something cool if it happens to be warm.

It is the place of the bridegroom's mother and sisters to pay the first call upon you and your family.

Concerning a Wedding.

If I have a very quiet church wedding with only relatives and possibly a few friends would it be correct to have the wedding march played? Will be married in traveling suit—will it be necessary to have flowers? Do I pay the organist? What carriages do my family engage and pay for?—R. L. M.

By all means have the wedding music. You will find it much easier to walk down and up the aisle with it than in dead silence. It is not necessary to have flowers but I think I would carry a bouquet or wear one. Your family engage and pay for all the carriages except the one for the bridegroom and his best man, who of course accompanies him.

Which Is Correct?

Won't you please settle an argument by stating which is proper to say, eat a plate of soup or drink a plate of soup?—Subscriber.

Strange to say, soup is always referred to as being eaten. If you will stop to think, we say "Aren't you going to eat your soup?"

Reply to "L. E. N."

I see no harm in one of your boy friends walking home from church with you. Girls of fifteen wear their dresses just about to the shoe tops and their hair caught up on top with a big bow or the bow placed at the neck, just whichever way is most becoming.

MME. MERRI.

ON THE BOARDWALK

Anita's Pink Dress Was Mighty Becoming.

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE.

By a strange coincidence, just as the clock was striking 8 that balmy summer night, Miss Anita Wallace started out for a solitary stroll from the north end of the boardwalk, while at the south end, Mr. Franklin Sholes, having shaken off his gay friends at his hotel, lighted a cigar and sauntered moodily northward.

The strangeness of it lay in the fact that only forty-eight hours before these two young people had quarreled and parted—forever, as each one passionately affirmed.

"I shall go to the Canadian forests and you may never hear of me again," was Sholes' parting shot.

"I'm going abroad with the MacPhersons!" called out Anita, mockingly. "Goodbye."

Each one believed in the other's intention, but after a day spent in miserable reflection decided that a broken heart could best be mended nearer home, so, doubtless actuated by similar reasons, both the dejected "lovers" once, but strangers now, had migrated to the popular shore resort where a year ago their courtship had begun and run happily through a wonderful summer season.

Anita's thoughts were traveling backward as she slowly pursued her way with her pensive face turned toward the sea. What was the shifting throng of pleasure seekers to her? What did she have in common with the festive world, where in every direction that her glances turned she saw couples arm in arm, fond-eyed and smiling? Franklin Sholes was on his way to Canada and she was alone!

"After all, I was foolish to come here of all places," reflected Anita. "I don't want to care for him any more. I want to forget, and there's nothing like stirring up old memories to make folks remember. And those were happy times! But he has changed—and I hate a stingy man!"

Some distance ahead a solitary figure leaned over the narrow railing and tossed a half-finished cigar into the waves. "Tastes like a stogie," muttered young Sholes. "Well, I suppose Miss Anita Wallace is on the high seas tonight. The sight of the ocean gives me the blues—what did I come down here for, anyway? Brings back the old days when Anita was so dear and sweet. Society's spoiled her—and I hate a frivolous, extravagant woman! Besides, my income would not support her. Glad I found it out in time."

Then, as he leaned over the dark, lapping water, his meditations keyed to their melancholy music, he recalled Anita as he had seen her last—a dazzling figure in pale pink, with delicate hand-embroideries of deeper rose shades flecked with crystal beads—a beautiful gown, but quite inconspicuously worn by a young woman of modest means.

There had been other times when his practical mind had revolved around the perplexing subject of his sweetheart's attractive—and, as it seemed to him, extravagant—wearing apparel. It was Sholes' frank criticism that had started the quarrel that ended so disastrously. How defiant, how tantalizing Anita had been, and how harshly she had forced him to speak.

"Oh, well, she'd be no wife for a poor man. Vanity and extravagance have broken up many a home. But perhaps I might have expressed myself more diplomatically. Anita's young and has been flattered a lot. And that pink dress was mighty becoming."

Then he continued his way. Meanwhile Anita, hoping to find diversion for her jaded mind, had turned in at one of the little Japanese bazars that bordered the boardwalk, where the regular evening-auction sale was in progress.

The place was thronged, but she found a single front seat at one side where the glib auctioneer's interesting prattle came plainly to her. He was disposing of some fine linens; a small Oriental rug followed, and after that the nimble assistant brought out some gay flat boxes that displayed soft folds of radiant color.

"Little silk scarf, made in Japan, all hand embroidered," chanted the auctioneer. "Here's a beauty—what you call that color? Yes, 'Merican Beauty.' It is most suitable for 'Merican beauty—yes, it will make lovely the lady who wear it. How much you offer? Anything to start—how much for this 'Merican Beauty scarf? Five dollar, thank you—all dat? It is hand embroidered, not machine, you understand? Ten dollar, thank you. Do I hear more?"

Because of her bitter, reactive mood, Anita became suddenly possessed of a desire to possess that lovely, silken thing, flaunting at her its rosy pink sheen and delicate embroideries. Two nights ago she had worn an embroidered rose pink gown.

"Twelve," called somebody on the other side of the bazar. "Thirteen," stammered Anita, close at the auctioneer's side, and when the word was repeated, two or three higher bids were made. The auctioneer nodded his head toward the far corner.

"Do I hear more? Eighteen, thank you. Eighteen is bid, eight—"

"Twenty," said Anita, her pulses thrilling with the spirit of the contest. "Twenty—do I hear more? Twenty two?"

The auctioneer's look of inquiry was answered by a nod from her distant opponent, and, when his glance swung around again, Anita snapped her eyes affirmatively. So they silently bid against each other, she and the unknown in the far corner, while the pattering talk went on.

"Twenty-eight," agreed Anita, at last, with an uncomfortable feeling of getting beyond her depths. "Thirty," nodded the unknown. Anita sank back with a little gasp of mingled disappointment and relief. No, she would not bid again, but oh! how she wanted that lovely rose-leaf scarf from old Japan.

She looked curiously at the last bidder as she slipped out to the boardwalk again. Box in hand, he faced her.

"You!" gasped Anita. The hot color swept over her face and her slim figure stiffened.

"Oh! Then you—you—great Scott, Anita, how could I know?" Then Franklin Sholes began to laugh uproariously.

"Hush! Everybody's looking at us. They'll all understand it—if—"

Anita suddenly sped away as if on wings and Sholes rapidly followed until, in the shadows, he overtook her. "Why, listen to me, Anita. I'm sorry, but—say, are you laughing or crying?"

"Both! I never knew of anything so ridiculous in all my life. You were going to Canada—"

"And you to Europe—"

"And we both came here and bid against each other on a foolish little thing—a pink—embroidered—article!"

Anita slowly emphasized each descriptive word, and then there was an expressive silence. Involuntarily they drew nearer each other with wistful, searching glances and their hands reached out to clasp fervently.

"Forgive me!" said Franklin, huskily. "That other, too, was a foolish thing—to quarrel about. And just to show you how I felt about it tonight, Anita, I bought this scarf to send to you!"

The girl's dark eyes were misty with tears as she folded the gift to her bosom. How unjust she had been when she called him "stingy!" Surely he deserved a full confession.

"Franklin, I want you to know—tonight is the first time in my life I was ever really extravagant. I always help with my dresses, and, Franklin, I can make my own hat! I can copy a Paris model so you wouldn't know the difference—and I just glory in being economical! Oh, I've often been amused to see you wondering at my little shineries. But the idea of your paying thirty dollars for that Japanese trifle when we might have had it for fifteen!"

"Who cares?" cried Sholes, recklessly. "It's for my 'Merican beauty."

HE HAD DECIDED TO STAY

Ole's Discharge Indefinitely Postponed, and for Really a Very Simple Reason.

Ole had been the man-of-all-work about the Randall place so long that he considered himself a fixture, and had begun to assert his own ideas in the management of things, wherever he could. One eccentricity he practiced was that of denying the family to visitors whose appearance was not pleasing to him. One Sunday a friend drove up in his car and seeing Ole near the gate, asked if Mr. Randall was at home.

"No, they bane out," calmly replied the Swede.

As a matter of fact the Randalls were all at home lounging around in lieu of something more interesting to do.

When the occurrence was brought to light the next day on the telephone Mrs. Randall was very much exasperated over it and called the man to task.

"Why did you do such a thing, Ole?" she asked. "Don't you know that man is the manager of the Colossal railroad?"

Ole looked a bit sullen for a second. "Aye knew it," he said knowingly. "Aye knew he was something on a railroad—a conductor, a brakeman or something—aye just knew it."

This incident repeated, the Randalls served notice on Ole that he was no longer needed about the place. The day came for him to leave and Mrs. Randall found him working diligently weeding the garden.

"When are you going?" she inquired kindly.

"Oh, aye tank aye won't go at all," he replied, without stopping his work. "Aye tank aye will stay now." And he did.

Laconic Laconians.

William Lyon Phelps, Yale's brilliant professor of English literature, was discussing, at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words.

"Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.'"

"Philip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians."

"If I enter your city," he said, "I will level it to the dust."

"If" was the Laconians' reply.

"And the pointed brevity of that reply is imbedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

Thrifty.

"In that millionaire's life history written for the benefit of young men, I noticed he put great emphasis on the need of forming thrifty habits."

"Did he?"

"He said that when he began life, he made it a point even when he was only getting five dollars a week, to save ten out of it."

For the LITTLE ONES

NEAT TRICK WITH MATCHES

Much Amusement May Be Had With Little Game When Young Folks Cannot Get Outdoors.

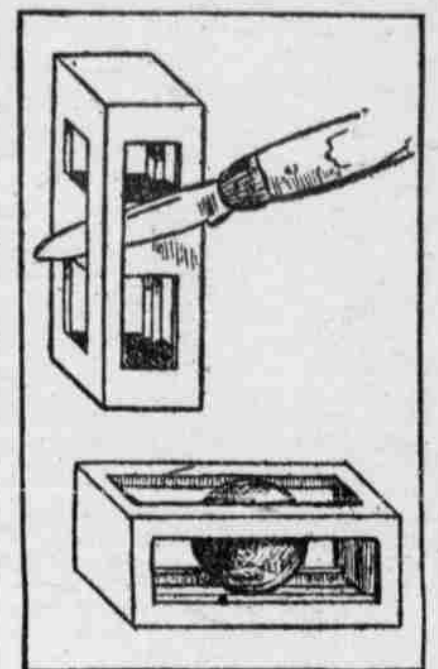
Have say 100 matches. Lay them on the table and agree with some one to take alternately from the heap any number not exceeding ten, and wager that the last match will come to you. Then remember the numbers 1, 12, 23, 34, and so on, increasing by 11 each time. Supposing you have the first draw, you take one match only, and your opponent can never have a chance, for if he draws as many as possible the first time (10) you take one more and make the total 12. Say he then draws 8, and you will immediately draw 3. When you have got 89 you will see that the other player has no chance. Should your opponent insist on having the first draw he will make it possible for you to attain one of the numbers, 12, 23, 34, etc. Then the game is yours.

A great deal of amusement may be had over the match trick during rainy evenings when the young folks cannot get out of doors to enjoy games in the open.

WHITTLE BALL IN BOX FRAME

Peculiar Epidemic Among Men Lounging in Fairmount Park—Toys Delight Little Children.

There is an epidemic in Fairmount park, Philadelphia, of a very contagious nature. Just so long as it was



Ball in Box Frame.

confined to the whittling of a stick, cases of it were isolated to a few who apparently meditated while they sent tiny chips fluttering over the ground, but one day a regular park devotee remarked that he could whittle a ball in a box frame. He was called upon to prove his ability to do so, and no sooner had he done so than his admiring associates tried to manufacture others like it. The eagerness of children to possess such a unique toy added an incentive to the fascination of whittling, and soon so many whittlers were in evidence that curiosity concerning them created comment, which led to investigation. A stroll through the park the other day revealed 37 gentlemen engaged in whittling "ball-in-a-frame."

One of the whittlers declared it was "an off afternoon" if only 37 whittlers were found, as several "bunches of boys" found hours of amusement in the pastime.

"What do you get out of it?" he was asked.

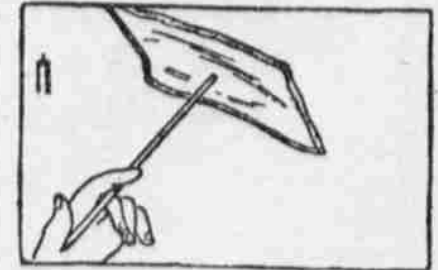
"Just the satisfaction of making it," he smilingly answered.

The illustration shows the method of cutting the ball, and also the toy when finished.

HOW TO SPIN HANDKERCHIEF

Very Effective Trick and Popular With Jugglers May Be Done With Aid of Little Needle.

This is a very effective trick. It was a favorite one with jugglers and magicians until the secret was discovered. A handkerchief is borrowed, thrown in the air, and caught on the end of a whirling stick held by the juggler, when the handkerchief spreads out to its full size and commences to rapidly spin round. The secret is that in the end of the stick a needle is inserted about one quar-



Spinning a Handkerchief.

ter of an inch, leaving the sharp end out. When the handkerchief is caught on the whirling stick the needle point passed through it, thus preventing it falling off the stick, and the handkerchief will spread out and spin about on the end of the stick.

Strange

My Grandma said (her watch in hand) my child I'm fast I know. It's queer for I have always thought—My Grandma very slow!

ENGLISH SPELLING IS HARD

Noted Scholar Makes Strong Plea for Phonetic System—Child Would Save Much Time.

A strong plea in favor of phonetic spelling was made to the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Dundee the other day by Sir James Donaldson, I.L.D., vice-chancellor and principal of the University of St. Andrews and principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, says a London cable dispatch to the New York Sun. Sir James told the association that spelling is a thing of no consequence and everybody ought to be allowed to spell as he likes, just as Shakespeare and our ancestors did.

Sir James said that this plan would lead to phonetic spelling. Our present system of spelling, he told the scientists, if it can be called a system, is unique in its absurdity. The French, German and Dutch spell phonetically, but the English are terribly behind them.

If the English spelling were phonetic, said Sir James, it would be easy for the whole population of China to learn the English language, but no foreigners now had a chance to learn easily. The English speaking child taught to spell phonetically, he said, saved at least a year in the task of acquiring an education.

Sir James concluded his phonetic plea by scoring composers in general. The present method of making up words, he charged, was the doing of composers. "We are slaves of the printers," he asserted, "and if we do not spell according to their ways of thinking they change us over and over again. And there is no redress."

Sir James is an authority on the matter of spelling, being the author of "The Modern Greek Grammar," as well as many works on religious subjects.

NEAT LITTLE PARLOR TRICK

Difficult to Move Second Finger From Between First and Second Without Separating Them.

Here's something which is harder than it looks. Bend the second finger of your left hand forward and join the tips of the first and third behind it. Then try to move the second finger out between them without



Finger Tricks.

separating them and without using the thumb or employing any other assistance.

RIDDLES.

What is the proper length for ladies' skirts? A little above two feet.

If the poker, shovel and tongs cost two dollars, what did the coals come to? Ashes.

What is that which works when it plays and plays when it works? A fountain.

What is everybody doing at the same time? Growing old.

When are silk threads like deceptive friends? When double-faced.

What is that which fastens two people together, yet touches only one? The wedding ring.

What is a button? A small event that is always coming off.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last? When you have put one on the other is left.

What thing is drawn more frequently than another? Cork.

Why does a hen lay eggs only in the daytime? Because she is a rooster at night.